

SCOTT ACT REVIEW.

For God, Home and Country.

REV. J. C. FALLIS,
Editor.

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No. 3.

WHO IS THE RUMSELLER

ANSWERED NEGATIVELY.

1. *He is not a maker of anything useful.* The Carpenter takes the lumber, handles his tools and toils all day. At the end he gives to the community the chair, the table, the sofa, the chest of drawers or other article he has made. This article is from raw material of comparatively little value; the article itself is of comparatively high value from its usefulness and service to people.

The Shoemaker takes the leather, cuts it into patterns, sews it together, and labors all day at his work. At night he gives the community a pair of shoes that can be worn, that contribute to comfort and helps the wearer to reproduce something in return.

The Blacksmith makes the implement of use from iron—the tailor the clothes we wear—the cotton manufacturer the fabrics we use—the iron founder the stoves and furnaces so indispensable to us.

All these and their fellow workers are honest toilers whose labor contributes to the comfort, necessities and progress of the community.

The Rumseller makes nothing useful. He stands lazily behind his bar, trusting to the appetite he forms, the attractions he spreads to find customers, and to them he passes *Alcoholic liquors* which stupefy the senses, weaken the will, whet the passion, enervate the mind, disease the body and destroy the soul.

2. *He is not a supplier of anything necessary to health, happiness or purity.*

The Grocery and Provision man supplies people with tea, coffee, eggs, butter, hams, fruits, sugar, meal, fish, flour, all of which contribute to the sustenance of our bodies, and the happiness of our homes, and enable us to grow strong, to work, and earn and enjoy.

The Dry Goods man supplies us with cottons, silks, woolsens, carpets, threads, blankets and innumerable other articles, which clothe us, keep us warm, beautify our persons and our homes, and so conduce to the welfare of the people.

The Bookseller supplies us with news, thoughts, histories, philosophy and such like food so necessary to our mental growth. And so on all through the chapter.

But the Rumseller stands lazily behind his bar, trusting to the appetite he forms and the attractions he spreads, to find customers, and to them he passes *Alcoholic liquors*, which warm no one, feed no one,

clothe no one, beautify no one, add no good thought, no good impulse, but which rob many a man and many a home of all happiness, all prosperity, all hope.

3. *He is not a patron and encourager of labor.*

The cotton manufacturer calls for workers. Set him down in a community and lo! the idle are employed and the busy hum of industry succeeds to the lazy stillness of indolence, and men are employed, wages are paid, homes are full of plenty, business prospers.

Set the sewing machine manufacturer down in your city 400 men are called for, early and late they are busy, the forgo glows, the molten iron runs into its mold, the countless machines polish, drill, put together and beautify, and all the time wages are paid, families are supported, wants are supplied, prosperity is afoot and happiness sings her endless song.

But the Rumseller stands lazily behind his bar, trusting to the appetite he forms and the attractions he spreads, to find customers, and passes to them *Alcoholic liquors*, which steal the mechanic from his work, the laborer from the mill, the workman from his place in the foundry or factory, and in addition take his wages for nothing, i.e., worse than nothing. If he gave him nothing the laborer would only be out of his money. He gives him drink, and the laborer is out of both money and time; lies drunk in the rumseller's den or the police cell, and the place in the factory is vacant, the daily wage for the home is lost.

4. *He supplies no mental food and develops no intellectual faculty.*

The teacher studies at his home, devises ways and methods for instruction, is alert to invent and constant to enforce, and for six hours per day works with the young brains and hearts of the children, and all to present information, to inculcate habits of thought and work, to develop mental powers, and make intelligent, competent and cultured citizens. He holds up the bright ideal of excellence, he implants the noble and quick ambition, he opens the closed portals of knowledge and brings the hidden and wondrous things of nature before the admiring eye of man. He guides the unskilled hand and directs the unskilled eye until nature's best moods are caught and transferred to canvas, a perennial delight to all beholders. He imparts precision to the touch and taste to the execution, until sweet strains of music are drawn from the silent pipe of the organ and struck from the ivory key of the piano.

But the Rumseller stands lazily behind his bar, trusting to the appetite he forms and the attractions he spreads, to find customers, and to them he passes *Alcoholic liquors*, which deaden the quick action of the brain, paralyze the skillful touch, poison intellectual ambition, sensualize the bright ideal, and degrade the god-like mind.

5. *He adds no moral stimulus and develops no spiritual powers.*

The preacher communes with God, is taught of his wisdom, studies the chart of life spends his time in meditation and thought, and all to feed and stimulate and help us develop our spiritual natures. He extols the tenderness of love, the strength of moral rectitude, the grandness of patience, the rewards of virtue and the abiding riches of character. He takes men by the hand and leads them from sorrow, affliction and sin and earthly evils up to the joy, the rewards, the purity and heavenly blessings of the better life. He ministers to all ills, advises in all trials, helps in all difficulties, and spends his life in the service of his fellow-men.

But the Rumseller stands lazily behind his bar, trusts to the appetite he forms and the attractions he spreads, to find customers, and to them he passes *Alcoholic liquors*, which rob the soul of its purity, quench all aspirations after God, becloud the spiritual sense, sap the very foundations of rectitude, destroy character, fill the mind with sensuality, and chain the better nature to vice which renders hope impossible and Heaven unattainable.

We find then that the Rumseller

- (a) supplies nothing useful.
- (b) supplies nothing necessary to health, happiness or prosperity.
- (c) is not a patron or encourager of labor.
- (d) supplies no food or stimulus for mental improvement.
- (e) adds no moral impulse or spiritual force to the community.

Let him step down then from the company of honest toilers. He has no place among manufacturers, traders, shopkeepers, mechanics, teachers or preachers. All of them would do better work if he were not; each of them meets him as an obstacle to their full success.

We earnestly request the chairman of each polling sub-division to hold their meetings immediately, and thoroughly prepare themselves for battle. It is expected that each sub-division will raise not less than \$5.00 to defray expenses and send it to Mr. Thos. Kerfoot, Watford.

WHY I VOTE NO LICENSE

Law has no right to give license to wrong. There is no neutrality between right and wrong.

If the liquor traffic is morally right, it should have the largest liberty; if morally wrong, it should have no liberty.

It is not with any purpose of legislating men into virtue, but because the saloon is a deep public wrong, that the people have a right to close it by law.

No license rests on three arguments, namely: the economic argument—we can't afford the saloon; the moral argument—the ruin of character caused by drink; the political argument—the domination of the saloon in politics.

The liquor traffic and free institutions are nearing the crisis of a death struggle.

Were it not for the saloon influence, both city and state service would be filled with clearer heads and cleaner hands.

When bad men organize that wrong may triumph, let good men combine that right may win.

I oppose drink, because it opposes me. The work I try to do, it undoes.—*Bishop C. F. Ross.*

No way so rapid to increase national wealth and public morality as the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic, which is an infinite waste and unmixing evil.—*London Times.*

Education will not cure the drink evil if educated people vote just like the ignorant.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

NO LICENSE.—"Free men, free government, free ballot, free schools, free press and free religion."

LICENSE.—"Free rum, free riot, free love, free Sunday, free bribery, free bullets, and free irreligion."

VOTE NO LICENSE.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS.

The Lord's Prayer vs. Tax or License.

Dear Brother:

Think of praying,

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME,"

and then voting to legalize the liquor traffic by tax or license, which causes God's name to be continually blasphemed.

"THY KINGDOM COME,"

then voting that Satan's kingdom (the saloons) may continue if they will only pay the price which politicians have fixed upon them.

"THY WILL BE DONE,"

and then voting it shall not be done.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD,"

and then voting to tax or license that which takes the bread from thousands of starving mothers and helpless children.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,"

and then voting that the allurements and temptations of the saloon may go on under some form of tax or license.

DELIVER US FROM EVIL,"

and then voting that the state and nation shall become a partner in drawing young men into evil, if the saloon will agree to pay a high tax or license.

Some one has truthfully said,

"He who prays and means nothing,

He who swears and means nothing,

Are about the same."

If you pray for prohibition, you should vote for prohibition.

If you vote for tax or license, you should pray for tax and license.

Can you, dear brother, vote to build a

town with blood and establish a city by iniquity.

Dare to do right; you are accountable to God, and not to any political party.

SALOON FRUIT.

The Connecticut Home reports the following:—

George Simon, of Hillsdale, N. Y., but now stopping with his wife in Great Barrington, Mass., came home drunk last Saturday night, tried to shoot his wife, but she escaped, and he shot himself, though not fatally.

W. W. Drummond who dropped dead in a Chicago grocery last week Wednesday night, was Supreme Judge of the Territory of Utah during Pierce's administration. Pleasant Edgerton, a dissolute woman, caused his ruin. He became estranged from his family and an outcast from society, and fell to the lowest grade of human existence.

While three police men were endeavoring to enter a bar-room at Manchester, N. H., one evening last week, Officer Thos. Fraim was shot by the proprietor, Thomas Blakely, sustaining a flesh wound in the arm. Fraim is the officer who, several years ago, fatally shot, in self-defense, a Boston rough named O'Brien, who was imported to thrash him.

Darl-ga saloon row in Bridgeport last week Wednesday, James Jacques, saloon-keeper, struck John Norton a terrific blow on the head, knocking him insensible. The police had been notified, and six officers burst in the door at this point and arrested the combatants. Upon examination it was found that Norton's skull was crushed in.

A feud of two years standing between the McCarthy and Williams factions, living about ten miles north of Omaha, resulted in a general fight Friday night at a dance given at the house of Jake Lewis, during which Geo. Williams, John Bagley and Gid. Zucher were shot, the former being fatally wounded. Dick McCarthy is supposed to have done the shooting, the weapon used being a shotgun. The McCarthy's then fled and have not yet been captured. About two years ago Williams stabbed John McCarthy during a fight in a disreputable house in Omaha, and this was the beginning of the feud which culminated Friday night.

LEADING STATESMEN

of Britain say:—"Every day's experience tends to prove and more to confirm me in my opinion, that the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform."

—Richard Corban.

"Love of strong drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education among the masses of the people."—John Bright.

"Intemperance is not only a great evil, but the greatest of all evils, with which social reformers have to contend."—Mr. Bruce, Home Secretary of Great Britain.

"The drunkenness of England is producing in this country at the present time the accumulated evils of war, pestilence and famine."—W. E. Gladstone, in Parliament, 1880.

From all parts of Halton County come reports of the ineffective working of the Crooks Act. It is everywhere conceded that the change has not benefited the county, and that a vote on the Scott Act to-day would result in an overwhelming victory for prohibition.—*Citizens.*

Alcohol applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the boards from his fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill the fruit trees, sow his fields with thistles, mortgage his farm, subdue his reason, rouse his passion, bring want sorrow and disgrace on his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. So says the *Shelburne Economist*.

A WARNING TO HIS FLOCK.

Father Quinn on the Dunkin Act.

The Rev. Father Quinn put the finishing stroke to the traffic at High Mass on Sunday last. He warned his people that the law must be obeyed; that the Catholic Church would stand by the civil law, and it was his duty to give all the aid in his power in enforcing a law that the people of the county had so emphatically sustained at the polls on the 29th. The Church, said the reverend father, had always favored temperance, but so long as the validity of the Dunkin Act had been in doubt he had not exercised the powers vested in him, against those of his people who sold liquor; "there is," he said, "no longer any doubt, and hereafter the ordinances and benefits of the Catholic religion will be rigorously withheld from all who violate the law in any way." "At your peril," said he, "I charge you all to pay implicit obedience to the law and I wish you to avoid treating with liquor in your houses. Banish it altogether." All those heads Father Quinn dilated length with great earnestness, and his remarks produced a powerful impression.—*The Guardian, Richmond, Dec. 7th.*

IT HAS DONE GOOD.

The Opinion of a Level-headed Editor.

The question of the effectiveness of the Scott Act is of course coming to the front in those counties in which repeal votes will likely be taken in next April. The *Woodville Advertiser*, published in North Ontario, discusses the situation calmly and sensibly in an editorial from which we clip the following:—

"We learn that warrants for commitment to jail hang over the heads of most of the hotelkeepers in the North Riding, and on the next complaint they will be executed, still leaving the new charge to follow. Even this it is easy to see that the life of the liquor seller is not by any means 'a happy one,' and with the prospect of prison bars constantly before his eyes, the profits of the business appear in a somewhat clouded form. At this late hour let us ask what has been the result of the act in this county. Has it accomplished the purpose intended, or has it done sufficient good in the prohibitive line to warrant the people in supporting it again? To these questions some will say yes, others no. It is the consideration of this matter it must be remembered that the act has not had a fair trial in Ontario. Until recently no real effort was made to enforce the law, and in the face of unsympathetic officials and the obstacles of legislative construction which have been enacted since its introduction here, it could not be expected to work very satisfactorily. In spite of this, however, no one can honestly say that drunkenness and its accompanying results has not been abated; this is evident to the most casual observer, and moreover the educative influence of the law has been such that the use of liquor is now looked upon as being decidedly 'not the thing' and respectable."

We think it would be well for the Temperance Association to hold two conventions, one in East and the other in West Lambton, in the month of February.

Mr. W. S. Cane, M. P., who is now on his way to India, has for the immediate object of his trip the establishment of Temperance associations among the natives and those who will help to protect themselves from the liquor traffic. Mr. Cane says he finds the members of parliament much readier to suppress the drink traffic in India than in England.

THE ALGOMA MURDER.

A case tried recently at the Algoma assizes was a good specimen of the evil done by liquor. A row sprang up in a backwoods tavern near the Spanish River, in the course of which a man named Dechalar was murdered. The Algoma Advocate referring to the case says:

"To view the matter aright, the crime lies at the doors of the Board of License Commissioners who granted the license. Had this drinking not been in existence, no such diabolical deed would have to be chronicled. But license commissioners, as a rule, never have the welfare of the community before them. They granted this license in an isolated place where there were some three or four dozen settlers only. The place was not necessary on any grounds, but the officials, as is generally the case, thought it would be all for the benefit of trade, and so issued a license to a low species of a whiskey den, and thus really, as the outcome has fully shown, was trafficking in blood."

A Terrible List.

Under the heading, "An unchained demon. 'Five days' sickening record of the licensed saloon," the New York Voice of Nov. 29th, gives the following fearful catalogue of liquor-caused catastrophes:

Wm. Mahoney, of 67 East Eighth Street, slept on a street car track while drunk, Nov. 15, and escaped with nothing worse than a broken arm.

Geo. W. Lessor, of Pottsville, Pa., who exhibited \$2,000 in a drinking place in Cincinnati, Nov. 17, was afterwards sandbagged and robbed of \$2,500.

James Nolan, of No. 9 Second Street, New York, shot his mistress, Emma Beck, in five places, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, while crazed with drink. The woman is dead.

Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, of Dry Dock Street, New York, was found dead in her bed, Nov. 16. For weeks she had been drinking constantly, neglecting her family.

Luke Harrison, a colored driver, drank some whiskey when he was collecting a debt on Saturday, Nov. 17. It sent him to sleep and his pockets were emptied of \$60.

W. W. Drummond, who dropped dead in a low Westside gogery in Chicago, Nov. 19, was once Supreme Judge in the Territory of Utah. Drink brought him to the lowest grade of human existence.

In Wallingford, Conn., Nov. 15, Sol. G. Jenkins came home after a prolonged spree and shot his father-in-law, Stephen Anthony, dead. Jenkins' drinking habits had alienated his wife, and he threatened to kill her whole family.

A gang of tramps, half crazed with liquor, last week terrorized Indian Orchard, Mass., and the surrounding region by acts of riot and lawlessness. The witnesses say it was the worst array of the kind Massachusetts has had for a long time.

Mrs. George Eidenbecker, of Carlyle, Ill., who was shot by her drunken husband, died Nov. 16. On the night of the shooting Eidenbecker came home in a drunk, drew a revolver and began firing. His babe, who was sitting in a woman's lap, was instantly killed, and his wife fatally wounded.

From a speech by Warner Miller: A barrel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey. It sells for \$16 retail. The Government gets \$3.00, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer 2/3, the vendor \$7, and the drinkers all that is left—delirium tremens.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Scott Act Review.

It is almost incredible the demoralization of the public mind in regard to the rum traffic. Its despotism reaches and pervades all classes. Society is enslaved. It is prostrate before the demon idol. Its very soul is in fetters. It kneels in humiliating adoration of a power which fattens on human woe. There is a mystery in all this. Our citizens forgive not the commission of lesser offences and yet give means and words and suffrages to the support of a crime against society. More sweeping in its desolation and more infernal in its cruelty than the world's darkest history has ever known. Our so-called respectable people are prompt in their indignant utterances against evils, which are but the results of the system they uphold and guard. Why this reverence for a business which has not one trait to redeem it from the curse of God, and the execration of man? Why this toleration of a wrong, which has yet to find its parallel in the wickedness of earth or the demonism of hell? Why this almost universal serfdom to the power of the bottle? Our citizens are slumbering in the midst of the terrible elements of degradation, vice and crime. They are rearing families and building homes by the very craters which are surcharged with Protean desolations. Their children grow up under the leprous influences of words and sentiments as wicked as vile. The pathway from the hearth to the school-room is full of pitfalls. There are things in the future which we can read without a prophet's ken. Retributions as remorseless as the movements of fate are dogging the footsteps of hosts of those who are turning a deaf ear to the calls of Christianity in these matters. Their punishment will come by and by; come when a thousand thorns of their own planting shall pierce them to the soul. The moral ruin of those whose young interests they are solemnly bound to guard will bear the brand of their own handiwork. Days of sorrow are on the wing, when those who have been loved at the hearth shall drift madly out and forget their young manhood in the revels and associations of drunkenness, gambling and licentiousness. Men may to-day wear the collar of dram-shop bondage; they may apologize for its existence and vote for its perpetuation, they may sneer at Scott Act reform, but sooner or later they will feel the fangs of the serpent they are so madly warming into life.—Yours, &c., "SCOTT ACT." Sombra, Dec. 18th, 1888.

Addressing the Grand Jury at St. Thomas Out., recently, his Honor Judge Hughes referred to some length to the Scott Act agitation, and his words will naturally carry with them great weight. Remarkable on the constant violations of the present license laws, he said the liquor sellers pay very little heed to the observance of anything but selling as much liquor as it is possible to get rid of. His Honor went on to say:—"The argument that thousands of dollars now derived from the License Fund would have to be paid by the farmers and others, must fall to the ground, because money would not be required for maintaining drunkards in our jails, which is now expended as the result of their debauched lives, engendered by a legalized, yet immoral traffic. There would be no deficiency if this expenditure were stopped, and there would be no lack of revenue found for there would be no need of such taxation as supports prisons for drunkards. An empty prison needs no bread! My experience as a License Commissioner has been, and is, that there is no use in trying to regulate the traffic. It is simply because, living in daily defiance of the law, as many of them do,—they are prepared to go to any lengths to set at naught all rule and all authority having a tendency to limit their gains, that they prognosticate the very failure and evils that they themselves wish to produce."

TEMPERANCE HINTS.

To illustrate the enormous expense incurred by habitual dram-drinking, an enterprising firm in a certain Missouri town has the following advertisement: "Any man who drinks two draughts of whiskey per day for a year and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store thirty sacks of flour, two hundred and twenty pounds of granulated sugar, and seventy-five pounds of green coffee for the same money, and get two dollars and fifty cents premium for making the change in its expenditures."

A certain doctor in this city was called upon the other day by a man who desired to get a prescription for alcohol. "For what purpose?" asked the doctor. "Mechanical," said the man, who had a face honest enough to look any judge in the country out of countenance. After writing the prescription and handing it to the man, the doctor said: "For what kind of mechanical purposes do you intend to use the alcohol?" "Sawing wood. Good day, sir," was the reply.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Let us suppress the systematic agency for the temptation and ruin of men. Shielded behind the ramparts of law and custom, the traffic is proof against all these weapons which we have found effectual in other directions. The strong arm of the law alone can reach it. We must stop this authorized trade in destructive drinks.—Rev. H. E. Kitchel.

One of the first literary men in the United States said to a temperance lecturer: "There is one thing which I wish you to do everywhere: entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from giving a drunkard; because I was fed with spirits when a child. I thus acquired an appetite for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard."

A young man was recently found in the Morsey, drowned. On a paper in his vest-pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England asking for a description of that young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of homes desolated by strong drink!

A young man in Almanac County, N.C., who had been on a drunken debauch for some days, went home and turned his horse in his father's corn-field. His father remonstrated with him, and told him to get the horse and feed him at the barn. The young man became incensed, went into the house and procured his shot gun and shot his father through the heart, killing him instantly. No wonder so many people are aching to drive the frog-shops out of the land.

The London police have received official orders that in all cases in which drunken persons are arrested, they are to take steps to prosecute the publican who supplied the liquor to the intoxicated individual.

The following license commissioners have been appointed by the Ontario Government:—Lambton (East)—Newton Tripp, Forest; Thomas Kerfoot, Watford; Wm. Bell, Arkona. Oxford (South)—Justice Miller, Mount Elgin; William C. Ferguson, Cotnam; William Ewart, Ingersoll. Elgin—(East)—David Cowan, St. Thomas; D. J. Ferguson, Asa Miller, Aylmer. Huron—(West)—Myles Young, Blyth; Samuel Sloan, Goderich; James Stevens, Clinton. Perth—(East)—Thos. H. Race, James Prindiville, Mitchell; John S. McIntyre, St. Mary's.

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Is Full and Complete with a large and well-assorted stock of English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, COATINGS AND PAINTINGS, first-class goods at right prices. Wedding and Clerical Suits a Special Feature of our business. **Go to THE CLOTHING HOUSE, Watford, and you will be convinced that it is the place for Dry Goods and Clothing.**

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ARE A SPECIALTY WITH ME.**

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**COMPLETE STOCK OF SCHOOL BOOKS
Prices Right.**

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Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

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GROCERIES—A full stock in all lines—fresh, choice and cheap.

BOOTS & SHOES, Felt Goods, Rubbers.

CROCKERY—A fine stock and special values in Tea and Chamber Sets.

Butter and Eggs, Onions, Apples, Potatoes, and all kinds of Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for goods.

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SEVERAL HUNDRED VARIETIES.

In Shaded, Feathers, Leaves, Fringed, Friendship, Quotation, Comic, &c., from one cent upwards; and Beautiful Booklets from 10 cents to \$3.50.

Teachers wishing cards for classes or schools and sending money, stating number of cards wanted, can depend on good value and nice assortment.

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DRUGGIST AND STATIONER,
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